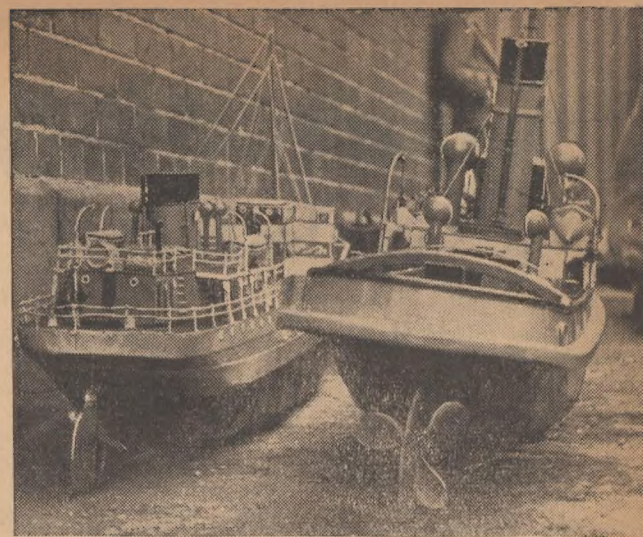


Good Morning 377

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Capt. Frank Shaw introduces

HOBBIES "AT SEA"



The Lesson of Tic-Tac

From W. H. Millier

"WHAT are all those funny men doing, gesticulating and waving their arms so frantically?" asks the young lady of her consort, who is taking her to see her first race meeting.

"Oh, they're Tic-tacs." She probably asks him many more questions, and the chances are that he cannot truthfully answer them all. When people go to the races for the first time they are usually fascinated by the antics of the tic-tacs.

After the first notion has passed that they must be a batch of escaped lunatics, they begin to wonder what it is all about.

The tic-tacs are employed by the bookmakers, and their job is to pass on betting information from one ring to another, to send and accept "laying-off" bets from the smaller rings to the big rings, and generally to convey messages by the oldest means of "telegraph."

As applied to racing, you may be sure that the tic-tac is as old as racing itself, but as the origin is "lost" in the mists of antiquity, it is fairly easy to conclude that it is older than language, since communicating by signs came before articulate speech.

I suppose most people, if asked how the hyphenated name came about, would at once dismiss it as belonging to the rich vocabulary of racing slang.

Some might readily assume that it was coined to express the sound of the clicking tape machine or the telegraph instrument. This simple explanation would be wide of the mark, because tic-tacs were plying their profession long before the tape machine or the electric telegraph were invented.

In fact, quite a good case may be made out for the legitimate formation of the word on the lines of established etymology. Take the word "tic," meaning convulsive motion of facial muscles, and add "tac," derived from tacit, meaning, of course, silent, but expressive, although not expressed by words or sounds. The Latin word "tactus" means to touch, or the sense of touch.

If you feel that it is extremely unlikely the bookmakers and tic-tac men of olden times would have been so correct in coining a word from Latin roots, I have an alternative offer, which is going very cheap.

A word much in the public eye at the moment is tactics. Any schoolboy can promptly give the meaning of this word as the science, or art, of manoeuvring naval or



military forces in the presence of the enemy.

The bookmaker regards the backer as his best friend only when he hands over his money and does not want anything back. Until it is certain that the backer will not return with outstretched palm, he must in the meantime be regarded as the enemy. In transposing the syllables in tactic you get tictac.

There, of course, you get a simple variation of back-slang. We are told that back-slang was invented by thieves; and where will you find more thieves at one place on any one day than on a racecourse? Have it your own way.

At all events, you will find it easier to determine the etymology of tic-tac than you will to read the cryptic messages of these racecourse signallers, if you are just an ordinary racegoer. The ancient order of tic-tackers is a close confederacy.

In order to guard against outsiders tapping-in, as it were, the code is frequently changed.

It may surprise many a stay-at-home backer, who looks out anxiously on racing days for the running newsboy with the 3.30 winner and prices, to know that until comparatively recent times the speed with which his evening paper came on to the streets with the racing results was due largely to the tic-tac.

The telephone had been in use many years before it was permitted on racecourses. It was not until after the 1914 war that permission was given for the telephone to be installed on the racecourse at Aintree, where the Grand National is run.

That gives you an idea of the sort of thing that the would-be reformers of racing are up against in their efforts to get better facilities for the racing public.

Despite the fact that there were no telephones, the result of each race was tapped out on the tape machines in newspaper offices and in the offices of commission agents all over the country, within a few seconds of the finish of the race. How was this achieved? By means of the tic-tac.

The Exchange Telegraph

Company's men would have a telephone outside the course and read the messages sent by their tic-tac man inside. The signaller would set himself up in the most prominent position, usually on the roof of the grandstand, and the speed with which the signals were sent and received was something to marvel at.

Let's you may remain bewildered at the idea of racecourse companies refusing to permit telephones for the use of news agencies, I had better give the reason.

It can be given in one word. Greed. It might also be as well to add shortsightedness. The notion was that, if people wanted to bet on horse-racing, they should come to the course and pay the price of admission at the turnstiles.

The shortsightedness lay in the fact that they failed to realise how many thousands of people gained their first interest in racing long before they had any desire to go to a race meeting, and, having become interested, would take the first available opportunity of spending a day at the races.

While it is generally agreed that the people responsible for most of our racecourses are many years behind the times, it must in all fairness be conceded that they are by no means the only people who have harnessed themselves in blinkers.

When the cinematograph began to attract the crowds, theatrical syndicates viewed the new attraction with great alarm. They tried various boycotts and prohibitions, but they might just as well have tried to stop the rain from falling.

In the end it was found that not only did the celluloid version fail to empty the theatres, but actually brought about a revived interest in acting, an interest that had been waning for years.

It may be that theatrical people are unduly touchy, but it is not so very long ago that they raised an outcry against the B.B.C. broadcasting excerpts from stage shows, for fear it would keep customers from handing over their cash at the box-office.

The result, as we know, was quite the other way; and in next to no time there were not

AN old-time windjammer was probably the loneliest thing on the face of the globe; and the limited crew might well have found the monotonous solitude unbearable but for the odd, sometimes fantastic ways they found of "relieving boredom." The practice of a hobby was often the only way to preserve sanity and avoid those bickerings and outbreaks that are liable to affect lonely men, who might otherwise have grown sick to death of the same faces, the same tasks, the same food, day by day, month by month.

Model-making was, naturally, the leading recreation—and the windjammers, remember, carried no libraries, no games—beyond a greasy pack of cards—and benefited by no wireless communication with the outer world. Some of these models were masterpieces of ingenuity. I myself possess one, carved by a Scandinavian A.B., a replica of the fine full-rigged clipper in which I served my young apprenticeship.

It is made entirely from beef bones. It shows the "Ravenby," clothed in wind-bellied canvas, from truck to waterway, with every standing and running rope in clear detail. Steering-wheel, binnacle, deck-houses, capstans and winches are all there; masterpieces of delicate workmanship, with boats slung in their appropriate davits, anchors depending from tiny cables at the hawsepipes, even the distress gun cocking its muzzle aft. The model floats on a curiously real sea; so that, when I had it photographed and the print enlarged several times, the ship came alive, bounding over a ruffled ocean to the impulse of a strong trade-wind.

The dimensions are: Length, one and a quarter inches; height from keel to royal truck, one and one-eighth inches. Making that little ship occupied a man's leisure for three months, and saved him going Berserk, for a bitter feud existed between him and a Swedish seaman. These men quarrelled at sight, drew knives, had to be separated by force. Their mutual hatred grew inwardly; they threatened murder when the bonds of discipline were loosened. But since both were model-makers at heart, this craftsmanship drew them together, healed their anger, and resulted in establishing a worthwhile friendship.

I have other models, too—working models, of old-screw warships, bristling with guns;

enough strings to go round for all the string-pulling to get the B.B.C. to put a portion of a play or musical show on the air.

If a play, comedy or revue threatened to become a direct flop, there was almost a stampede to get the B.B.C. to take an excerpt.

To come a little closer home, a small portion of Fleet Street was found to be wearing blinkers when the B.B.C. launched its news bulletins. Surely, they said, this will mean a diminished sale of newspapers and we may find ourselves in Carey Street or some other miserable spot. What do we find?

A choice item of news may be mentioned in the B.B.C. bulletin overnight, and next morning, when we go to collect our favourite daily, we learn that somebody has beaten us on the post and we think ourselves lucky if the next-best newspaper is obtainable.

guns, observe, that can be loaded, trained and fired; every detail was improvised out of materials at hand. Some of the graceful toys are enclosed in bottles, to constitute abiding miracles of wonder as to how the full-sailed fabrics ever got down the narrow bottle-necks. To erect the masts and sails after the hull was inserted was an ingenious bit of workmanship. Masts and yards, complete in all detail, were hinged to the deck and laid flat; thin threads led from the trucks to the bowsprit and thence to the neck of the bottle; once the model was positioned, careful hauling on these threads brought the spars upright; the cork jammed the cotton thread in place; sealing wax or tar sealed the job and made it enduring.

Some of us developed artistic talents; and with colours improvised from the paint-lockers, created works of art that deserved exhibition, though their usual fate was to be swapped at some dockside pub for the return of a drink. I knew one Norwegian who made clothes work; and was as good at it as any Oriental craftsman. Brains trusts were things unknown; the hands had to be occupied at least as much as the brain.

We contrived a stableful of trained cockroaches, who could be relied to give us many an exciting race—especially when the backers tickled up the contestants with a splinter dipped in paraffin! Applied to the insects' sterna, such treatment created laughable bursts of speed, especially when we raced them "over the sticks"!

Decorating our sea-bags and chests was, too, a source of never-ending pleasure; we held competitions to decide the best man at the job; and some of our sea-chests ended up by looking like a piece of high-grade Chinese lacquer. We had plenty of time to take pains, and that peace of mind which discounts all hurry and fuss. We even made our work our hobby—oddly enough; holding watch-against-watch competitions, the winners to be cock of the ship until the win was wrested from them.

Doll-making and dressing also came into our repertoire. Our materials were limited and improvised; but the old-time seaman was a master of improvisation; and it was no unusual thing to find dolls, of surprisingly human aspect and expression, nestled together in the same chest; one gorgeous in a Court gown, one modest in a Balkan peasant outfit; though I fear the general taste ran to South Sea island maidens, remarkable for the sparsity of their attire.

We had one carpenter—a Russian—who, to amuse all hands, fashioned a complete outfit of conjuring tricks out of old capstan bars, meat-tins and the like; and kept all of us amused and bewildered. Once, when we scrounged out of the cargo a bag of worthless beads for trading with the Pacific Islanders, we made post-impressionist jewellery that would have amazed Bond-street; and we had regular competitions, the beads being tiny and our needles coarse, as to who could thread the greatest number in the shortest time. But I fear our favourite hobby was "beating to wind'ard of the steward"—the steward being the food-sneaker. He locked up everything edible, we were always hungry. But ingenuity found a way into his most sacred cupboard and lockers, without giving a hint of the means of ingress; and many a cabin delicacy found its way to unauthorised stomachs.

Hobbies are useful. They not only ease boredom but often lead a man's thoughts to other occupations. I remember once, in the last war, when a dearth of qualified instrument makers arose, I paraded a thousand men and asked each what was his hobby. Most indulged in fret-work or carving of model-assembly. The best were given short training as specialists; and after the war was over, all to a man, found lucrative employment as precision-workers. A man indulges in a hobby because he likes the work; he works because he must. So you can generally be certain that a man can make himself more adroit at the occupation of his leisure hours than at his lifetime employment.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Many centuries ago the Greeks and Romans were skilled in the art of ventriloquism.

The travellers' tree, found only in Madagascar, has leaves several feet in length, shaped in such a way as to hold rain water for a long period, which furnishes travellers with a refreshing drink.

Tree-frogs are plentiful in South America, but are found also in parts of Europe. The European kind is of a greenish colour, and possesses feet of a peculiar formation, with discs exuding a sticky composition, which enables it to cling to trees.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Treachery Abroad

PART 16

RESTLESS and unhappy that night, Anstice could find no answer to her questions. She lit a candle and tried to read.

The mellow chimes of the church broke the stillness of the night. The sound gave her an uncanny feeling; as the last tone died away it seemed that a strange silence came over the house; a silence that set the ears listening for an unknown sound which should break it. Anstice found herself sitting up in bed, every sense alert.

And the sound came, though for the moment she thought it but a trick of nerves that brought that gentle creaking to her ears. Instinctively she put out the light and slid from her bed. She was at her door in an instant; opening it with the utmost care, listening with every nerve strained, and convinced, against her reason, that some one was moving in the house.

There came an unmistakable creaking from the staircase. Anstice crept along the corridor and listened. Somebody was in the hall below, now, somebody who stumbled slightly over a misplaced chair and gasped in alarm at the noise.

Then came the sound of a turning lock, the little click as the garden door opened, and a swift rush of cool air from without. The door clicked to again, and a faint whispering came to the girl's anxious ears.

"Thank you, Annie, thank you. It's all right, I suppose?" Watson's harsh, penetrating whisper carried clearly to Anstice's eager ears.

"They've swum a lake. And

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

they heard some one talking, and they thought it was Mr. Nickel. "Go on. Go on. Who else did they hear talking?" There was a note of alarm in Watson's voice. "They didn't say or I didn't hear it. They began talking about you—"

"About me?" Again that note of fear.

"Yes, about where you'd been this evening."

Anstice heard Watson's sharp oath as he listened to the maid's story. She went on, repeating almost the whole of the conversation that had taken place in the summer-house after Morrow's return. She had seen him stealing from the garage across the garden, and had followed him. Annie finished on a note of fear.

Overheard in Court

WIVES IN COURT.

WHEN I overheard my husband boast he would never let a woman dictate to him, I couldn't resist putting him to the test. I told him to go home—and he went!

Like most red-haired people, I'm a bit hot-tempered at times, but it soon dies down.

My husband is one of those little men with big ideas which never come off.

Why won't husbands realise that we wives can soon rumble all their little dodges?

My husband is blind in one eye and deaf in one ear—when it suits him.

My husband is a bit musical, and therefore a bit peculiar.

AND HUSBANDS.

I'M the most popular man in the house on Fridays—but only on Fridays.

My wife doesn't realise that I only go into public-houses for business reasons.

I never dreamed that marriage could make a man so poor.

I gave up angling years ago; it gets a man nowhere.

There's far too much amateur detective work going on in our house—with me as the supposed villain.

"I know we'll get into trouble, Mr. Watson," she whispered. "If the master should find out, I'd lose my place—"

"Don't talk rubbish," Watson checked her. "What matters if you do? I'm going to look after you, I told you that. You won't need a place any more. You're going to be rich. You can trust me, surely, Annie?"

The maid was crying softly now. "But you wouldn't go back on me, Mr. Watson?" she pleaded.

"Of course not," said Watson uneasily. "Now, off to your room, and quiet, mind you..." Anstice turned and made for her own room. The stairs creaked as she stole cautiously back.

At first it was anger which dominated her feelings; anger with Annie, the woman she had trusted. Things were clearer now. Annie, of course, had betrayed to Mr. Watson the secret of her dealings with Nickel, on Anstice's behalf, over those first-found coins.

Then a more serious problem began to take shape. Annie had told Watson all the plans they had discussed that evening. How Mr. Lynn was going to the cave after dark on the coming afternoon, and how Anstice herself was to act as guide to Major Morrow, so that he and Mr. Lynn might meet unseen out by Ruthdinas Point.

Mr. Lynn must be told all this—at once. He would know what to do; how to counter Annie's treachery and turn the tables upon Watson and Nickel. Yes, Nickel must be in it—there was no doubt of that now. But who could have been with him in the cave that evening? Not Watson, for

Major Morrow had said that he had been in the hotel. Who then?

The next thing Anstice realised was that the morning light was creeping through the blind. It was time to get up.

NICKEL had won: by cajolery and threats he had persuaded Bealing to his way of thinking. But Bealing was sullen and cantankerous as they trudged through the darkness from the Hayle to the Point entrance to the Fern Cave.

It was still pitch black night when they entered the cave, and Bealing cursed viciously as he stumbled in his descent.

"Going to spoil everything, rushing it like this," he reiterated. But Nickel paid little heed.

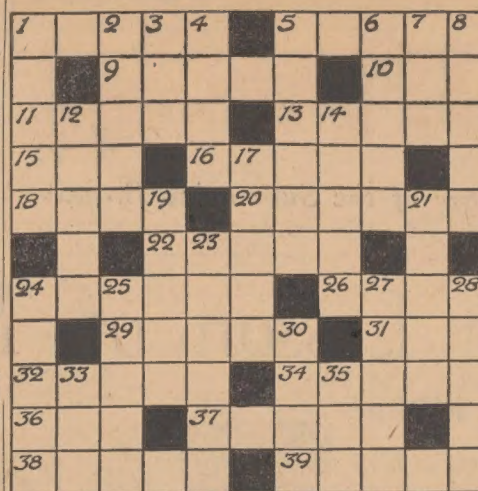
"It's two to one," he growled back. "Me and Mr. Watson wants it hurried, so that's enough."

Bealing cursed his companion and Watson in the dull, deliberate manner of a half-drunken man, while Nickel extracted their gear from a cunningly devised hiding-place in the sandy floor. Bealing showed no desire to work.

"Since you want it done you can get on with it for a bit," he sneered, hunching himself on a rock and lighting a pipe. Nickel made no reply.

Soon the sharp metallic clink of hammer upon chisel broke the brooding silence of the cave. Nickel poised precariously upon a short ladder, was driving a hole into the rock, close by the hole in the roof. A couple of old ship's lanterns

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Pale.
- 5 Boats.
- 9 Stagger.
- 10 Recline.
- 11 Play.
- 13 Nut.
- 15 Guided.
- 16 Stone worker.
- 18 Always.
- 20 Unite firmly.
- 22 Divert.
- 24 Tyrant.
- 26 Trunk.
- 29 Covered with slabs.
- 31 Confection.
- 32 Dwelling-place.
- 34 In pursuit of.
- 36 Shallow vessel.
- 37 Girl's name.
- 38 Build.
- 39 Adopted.

D THERMIC J
UNION AROSE
COMPATRIOTS
TREE R SKIT
M SOUGH V
CAB TEA FEN
ELECT FLORA
A FRETFUL M
SPOOR SNIPE
EARN GOAL
SWEEP TESTY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Big spoon.
- 2 Forest space.
- 3 Murmur.
- 4 Vehicle.
- 5 Embosser.
- 6 Solitary.
- 7 Tree.
- 8 Belief.
- 12 Stage show.
- 14 Arrives.
- 17 Pointed.
- 19 Speedy.
- 21 Relative.
- 23 Annoy.
- 24 Hang with cloth.
- 25 Weight.
- 27 Tenth.
- 28 Deserve.
- 30 Sombre.
- 33 Obstruct.
- 35 Ventilator.

threw a smoky yellow light upon the scene.

Bealing sat in silence, glaring into space and puffing at his pipe. Some little time passed before Nickel stopped.

"This blessed stuff wants some shifting," he called at last. "You come and take a turn."

"If you'd waited, we'd have got the proper tools," Bealing answered.

"Well, we aren't going to wait."

"Quiet," snarled Bealing suddenly. His head swung round to

the entrance by which they had come, and he stood with his hand raised, listening.

"I heard something," he whispered. "Put out those lights."

Already Nickel had flung a piece of sacking over one of the lamps; the other he extinguished immediately, and the two men waited in the darkness, their ears strained to catch any suspicious sound. A few loose stones trickled down the shaft, and their hearts beat wildly.

"I'll go and see," said Nickel. (To be continued)

Mud Larks



It is difficult to know where the lark comes in. Maybe they are all larks, and pretty muddy at that. But, seriously, they are all students of the Californian Institute of Technology, Pasadena. They hold a "Mudeo" every year on their annual Field Day. If you can think of anything dirtier than having your face rubbed in mud you are at liberty to think it.

Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown: that I have reigned with your loves.

Queen Elizabeth, 1601.

QUIZ for today

1. Glead is pork fat, sour milk, hot coal, spiced wine, whalebone, cod's roe?
2. Who wrote (a) Alice or the Mysteries, (b) Alice for Short?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet, Curling, Bowls.
4. Name seven English coins which add up to 11s. 7d.
5. Of what American State is Denver the capital?
6. How many years are there in a decade?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Massuese, Multiple, Moonstone, Misteltot, Miocene, Microscope.
8. What river joins the Thames at Reading?
9. What animal changes the colour of its skin to match its surroundings?
10. In what game can one get a little slam?
11. What Scottish town gives its name to a cake?
12. How many wild flowers can you name which are called after animals?

Answers to Quiz in No. 376

1. Earthen pot.
2. (a) Leon Feuchtwanger, (b) John Webster.
3. Jove was a male; others female.
4. Crown, half-crown, three-penny piece.
5. Seven minutes each way.
6. Land's End.
7. Incandescent, Ingredient.
8. Nero.
9. 32.
10. Lerwick.
11. William IV.
12. Beefsteak fungus, Eggs-and-Bacon, Codlins-and-Cream, etc.

USELESS EUSTACE



"These pills you prescribed for me, Doc! Sure there's no error in the prescription?"

WANGLING WORDS—323

1. Put a limb in MOSET and make a monkey of it.
2. In the following first line of a song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Groan ayd ta deates noo eht.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change JAN into DEC and then back again into JAN, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden Christian names in: The flag was half red, half blue; now altered to green.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 322

1. CrookS.
2. Keep the home fires burning.
3. DOOR, poor, pour, pout, port, part, tart, tarn, BARN, burn, born, boon, boom, doom, DOOR.
4. "H"-in-"dust"-an-"i."

JANE



WELL, HOW DID YOU GET ON WITH BASIC BERT AFTER I LEFT YOU LAST NIGHT, DINAH?

OH, I DUNNO! HE'S A FUNNY FELLER—EVER SO SHY...



WHY, THERE HE IS—IN THE YARD!—IT'S A CHANCE FOR YOU TO SWITCH ON THE GLAMOUR AGAIN!

OH NO!!—HE MUSTN'T SEE ME LIKE THIS, JANE!—I'M NOT LOOKING MY BEST, SEE!



HULLO, BERT, WHY HAVE YOU DESERTED THE BOMB DUMP FOR THE COKE YARD?

SH!—I'M ON JANKERS, JANE!—I-AR-BIN CRIMED F'R TAKING YOU TWO LADIES TO 'BOMBERS ARMS'!—IT'S OUT OF BOUNDS LIKE..

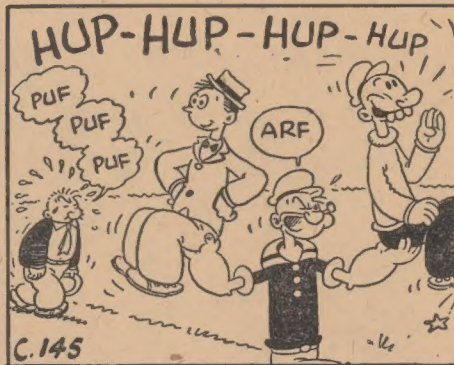
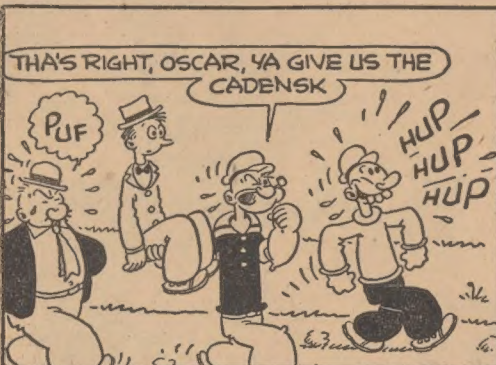
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



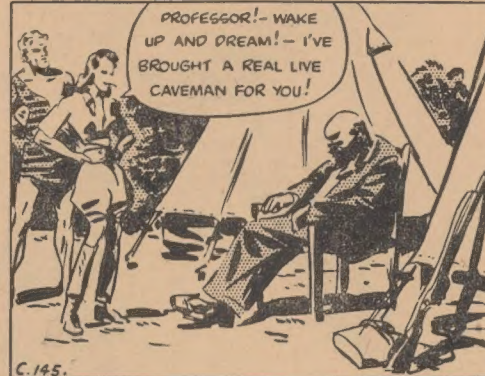
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

THREE bishops, twelve eminent physicians and psychiatrists, a Privy Councillor, and 16 other prominent figures with 148 letters after their names, think it's a good idea for you to have your sweet-heart "vetted" before you decide to wed.

They've backed their belief by becoming officers of the Marriage Guidance Council, which offers to tell you whether your girl friend is the kind of person of whom your mother would approve.

Girls can check up on their boy friends, too-though they're usually more reticent about asking for intimate advice than the boys.

Personally, I think these well-meaning folk might direct their energies through more essential channels. Granting that marriage is the backbone of our civilisation, I think it impertinent of these busybodies to turn over stones and watch humans crawl about like insects underneath. I think if I picked myself a wife I would most definitely not consult any committee. Surely prospective mothers-in-law are difficult enough to cope with.

But Mrs. Evens, business secretary to the council, regards this interference in the private lives of young people as a good thing.

"Requests for information concerning fiancées are treated in the strictest confidence," she told me. "In some cases we send the people concerned to Harley Street psychiatrists, who help the council by charging reduced fees."

"We get many young officers here with inquiries," said Mrs. Evens. "They are charged according to their means."

The Bishop of London and Lord Horder are co-presidents of the council.

At a London County Council institution the other night I was surprised to find only a score of us seeking a "casual" bed.

Tramps have been absorbed into the war industry so effectively that the nightly average is less than thirty. Before the war the L.C.C. dealt with up to seven hundred casuals in winter and half that number in summer.

INJECT cricket with the Commando spirit. Make cricket dynamic.

So urged Arthur Gilligan, famous former captain of Sussex, speaking recently at the annual meeting of the Sussex club at Brighton. "I think that many of us have been bored to tears by the slow play which drives the crowd to distraction," he said. "We don't want people playing 20-runs-an-hour cricket, but when I captained Sussex long years ago I always tried to impress on the team that cricket was a game to be played with action all the time."

"Let us get cricket going again-it is one of the finest antidotes for domestic and all other troubles."

Well said, sir-by gad!

A MATEY little pub. I found in Hertfordshire was the "George and Dragon" at Buntingford.

In the saloon bar of this 16th century inn is a stage coach time-table, dated 1879. The appended notice states that the fare to Cambridge and return was 24s. 6d. It is almost the same to-day.

Throughout, the inn is oak panelled, and from each room there are two or three steps leading to tiny landings and half-spiral staircases.

In the stables at the rear of the inn are the remains of two stage coaches, the shafts of which are used for clothes-line props.

The kitchen has a flag stone floor, is less than seven feet high, and has eight hooks fixed in the ceiling. The landlord does not know what the hooks were used for, but he has been advised that it would be necessary to pull all the rear of the house down to have them removed.

I recommend this for honeymooners.

LATEST poster by the Southern Railway, in effective black and yellow, shows a multitude of hands clutching a train light, with the request that passengers can help to maintain the improved lighting by reporting theft to the company's staff.

During recent weeks thousands of bulbs, blinds and light fittings have been stolen, and twenty-six persons have been convicted and fined.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

The smooth sweep of the land ; the gradual curve of the Knoll. Where ? Near Brighton Downs — the village of Falmer, Sussex, with its pool, its church, and its stalwart people.



My Momma has laid her pistol down, I'll admit. But that's no reason why I should allow her to blow my own so-and-so trumpet.



"Come on, come on ! Let's get back to our toad-stools. Why look at these humans ? At least, that's what they call themselves."



"Wrap me up, Sarge ! Cawn't yew see I'm as sick as a dawg ? Wot ! Never 'eard of a dawg ?"



"Ay-llow, Ma." Poor fellow. I'm what is known as Charetay ! And all done by flag-selling."



Here's grace ! Here's breeding ! Here's Inga Andersen ! She has been singing for the boys on three fighting fronts.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

